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The Dynamic of Faith

BY J. W. G. WARD

He that cometh to God must believe He is and is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. Hebrews 11:6.

TAKE a bag, someone has said, and place in it a number of each letter of the alphabet. Then having thoroughly shaken the contents, pour them out on the ground. Were they then to arrange themselves automatically into one of the sublime sonnets of Milton, would not that be amazing? No more than to suggest that the universe came into being simply as a result of natural forces without the agency of Supreme Mind. Yet that hardly needs to be said today. Whatever our beliefs, we cannot deny that there are marks of intelligence, purpose and power in the world. Unbelief is the effectual bar to blessing. The one thing against which pure religion has had to contend in every age has been unbelief. Sometimes the form of it has altered. At one time it is found making a blank denial of God. At another time it is seen in the concepts of God that people have formed.

Possibly the latter was more common to the people of earlier days. Then, men were found making for themselves gods of various kinds. Their concept was crude. The gods were often but embodiments of themselves, though possibly more vicious and gross. And whether you think of the Israelites in Egypt or later in Canaan, they are compassed about with the "lords many and gods many" of the various tribes. Therefore, one of the first commands is bent on bringing them to a higher concept of God. He is not many, but one. He is not one amongst many, but the One. He is not to be materially portrayed but spiritually perceived. But materialism is ever at work. Even the chosen people were led astray, seeking to make to themselves a God who could be seen, handled, carried from place to place, and who would be felt to be present.

The same tendency is found in the constant demand

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for that which shall betoken the real presence of God. Even the disciples said, "Show us the Father and it sufficeth us." There is something of disappointment in Christ's reply. He had been with them long; he had hoped for better things. Theirs was not the nature that denies the existence of God, but that which demands visible existence. And throughout, Christ's was a spiritual concept. It was limited by neither time nor space. It was both beyond the measure of man's thought and yet, strange to say, within that measure. But essentially God was spiritual. This spiritual conception of God is a fundamental of our faith and the basis of our blessedness. And it is our aim to point out how this faith beneficially affects human life.

I

Faith is essential to religion.

There must be a God. Reason itself demands it. Dr. R. J. Campbell, formerly of the City Temple, says: "All religion begins in cosmic relation. It is the recognition of an essential relationship between the human soul and the great whole of things." And most of us will agree. There must be a God. The world declares it. The human soul declares it in no uncertain way. By that we mean that just as the statue declares the existence of a sculptor, as a piece of choice china presupposes a potter, as a complex machine speaks in every whirling wheel and swift-moving part of an inventor, so the world declares a God who created it.

Into more helpful ways we may turn. Every child of many bespeaks parentage. The most desolate orphan, whose days have been shadowed and somber from earliest recollection, whose ear has never been thrilled by a mother's voice, nor whose eyes gladdened by a mother's smile, who has never felt a warm embrace holding it fast to the bosom replete with fondest affection, yet suggests a mother. And what is more, even though in such a sad plight, the need of that embrace and those heart-soothing marks of love, is felt. It looks for that which has never been given. It feels the want.

Just before Christmas, some years ago, we were walking along Oxford street in London. Outside a store we saw a pitiful waif of the streets looking with wistful longing at another child just emerging. The other was warmly and beautifully clad, in marked contrast to the ragged little form with its bare feet, blue with cold. It carried a doll as expensively dressed as itself, while holding the other hand was its mother into whose face it now and again looked with happy smile and undimmed delight. You say that what has never been cannot be missed? You say the waif does not want the same love? We affirm this: the orphan whom no one loves feels the value of human tenderness and fond care as the other, on whom both are lavished, never feels. For there is in the heart of the waif a wistful longing that no words can express.

Such a waif of the world is man. Though he were never to have the knowledge of a God who loves him, that God is presupposed by the nature of man, just as the mother is by the existence of the child, and a yearning fills his heart. He knows there must be somewhe One for whom he longs. His soul stretches forth arr of entreaty. He is unable, although he uses his r sources to the utmost, although he turns madly pleasure, or plunges wholly into the concerns of lif to satisfy himself. For as the prodigal son tried ar failed to find a substitute for the food of his fathe board and the love of home, so does the heart of ma He was made for more than husks!

This is the basis of religion. Man is conscious One higher than himself. And so, whatever the re gion he holds, he makes endeavor to find the peace th the world cannot give, the satisfaction that self cann afford. The faiths of Egypt and Assyria, of India ar China, no less than those of the Hebrew and the Chri tian, are eloquent of this. Men need God. The heart hunger must be satisfied. Their soul thirst mu be assuaged. And whether the form of the deity be u worthy and crude, or whether it be formless—a kind wordless appeal like the moaning of a heart unloved- some expression must be given to the longing that fi the soul. No more touching illustration of this can found than in that Athenian altar to the "Unknow God."

II

Only a personal God can satisfy.

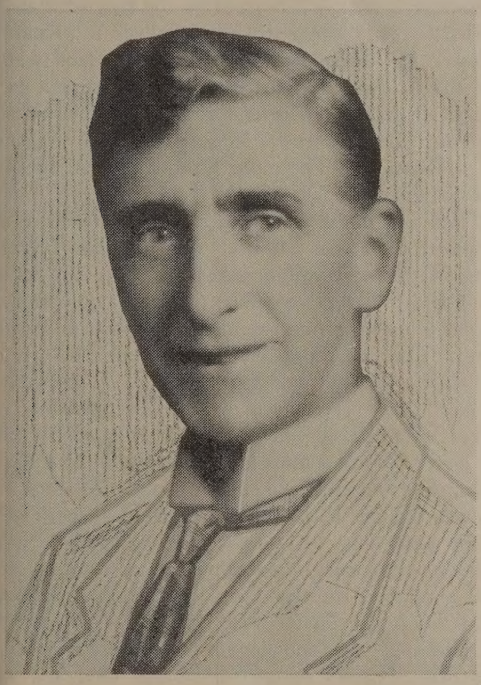
It follows from the above that no merely creati Force or Energy is enough. Man cannot worship th with a worship of love and adoration. He may dre it. And as the records of primitive people and t worship of uncivilized people still prove, fear has h no small part to play in the religions that man h fashioned. Can such worship help the soul? Is it n rather precautionary or propitiatory for material end More often than not, it is that some calamity may averted or some pestilence removed. It is that t crops may continue to be good, or the victory over the enemies may be secured. Seldom do you find the faiths ministering to spiritual needs. A personal G can alone satisfy, and such a God does Christ reve

We cannot here go into the philosophical discussio that have been waged about the personality of Go It is not that we would avoid the matter, but on because it is beside our main purpose. We need n trouble how Infinity can be confined within the lim of personality. Enough if we say that he must be pe sonal in at least this sense: God is as personal as v are! For were it not so, we who are personal cou have no intercourse with him.

The father always bears some moral resemblan to his offspring. Whatever the difference in intellectu or physical power, there is between the infant in t cradle and the father who watches him lie helple there, a certain and indispensable community of natu So with God. The term personal is not at all ad quate. God is more than we can mean by the ter But certainly, he is not less. And nothing less c compass Christ's description of him as the Father.

To be then, God—a personal God—in real uni with his offspring, it follows that he must have pe

ction of moral character. He must love in the highest egree the creatures of his heart. And this he does. imself the all-wise, the all-powerful, he must in like anner be the all-loving. Such a God has Christ shown the orphaned children of time. A need was felt. It as not satisfied merely by the Creator, seen only in s mighty acts, whose garments the clouds, whose ice the thunders, whose countenance gleaming in e lightning flash. Such a God would but terrify. ny reverence given to him would be born of dread. was not satisfied by forms fashioned by human nds, or the phenomena of nature utilized by the ima- nation. Neither the idol, coated with plates of gold



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d decked with jewels rare, nor the sun, the skies, e rivers, could adequately express him. Why? Be- use whatever man might do in homage before these ings, *they could not make any response.*

Response is necessary to vital fellowship. And so e highest, noblest and most helpful fact about God mes to us not only in the words of our Lord, but ll more clearly in his life. God was to him—as in- ed he would be to all mankind—a Holy Father, to hom all the joys of fatherhood and the responsiveness ereof are as real as man's own existence.

When Hector of Troy heard the call to battle, he ent to bid farewell to Andromache and his infant n. He was armed and ready for the fray. As he pped forward to take the child, it was terrified by e waving crest, and shrank back. Then Hector iled, and laying aside his helmet, he took his son and ssed him fondly. Instantly the child was pacified; all fears were allayed. This was no warrior but its ther.

Thus the essential of religion is faith in the unseen Father. This is the bedrock. Descartes, going back to the most elementary fact of his own existence, said: *"Cogito, ergo sum*—I think, therefore I am." And the one thing we must hold firmly is this: *God is!* It is the basis of belief and blessing.

Browning speaks truly when he asks:

> What is it that I hunger for but God?
> My God! my God! let me for once look on Thee
> As though nought else existed, we alone.

III

Such faith is enforced by the witness of the world. This matter requires no more than a passing word. Everywhere one looks, there is the work of the great Creator, who is more than Force, more than First Cause. He is God.

When Science has laid her ear to the throbbing bosom of nature, when man's telescopes have swept the heavens and mapped out the immensities of interstellar space, when human genius has wrested the secrets so long hidden in the world's heart, and when perseverance and skill have burrowed in the treasure chests of the universe or ransacked the palaces of its natural forces, the question still remains: Whence came these things? Science asks in vain. Philosophy answers inadequately. Only Faith can declare with confident breath—God!

Do we look above to the skies of night? "The heavens declare the glory of God." When Napoleon was returning through the Mediterranean, after his conquest of Egypt, a discussion arose among his officers. It was after dinner, and they were upon the deck. Some of them, imbued with the atheistical ideas of the time, ridiculed the idea of God, but Napoleon took no part in the arguments. At last one put the question to him. "Is there a God?" Napoleon pointed to the starry vault, and said, "Gentlemen, who made all that?"

Do we look at the earth beneath our feet? Whether wrapped in the quiet slumber of winter, resting ere she wakes to the fair life of spring, the splendor of summer, or the golden glory of autumn, "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof."

Turn to the wonder of man himself. His mind is fashioned like that of God. His soul is thrilled by the sounds about him, or awed by the wonders he beholds. On every hand is evidence of a God, wise, powerful, personal too—for intelligent design argues Mind. Tyndall is not usually regarded as a witness for the faith, but he says: "Can you behold such a sublime scene as this and not feel there is a God? I feel it as much as any man can feel it, and I rejoice in it, if you do not tell me I must prove it."

The world is a gigantic mirror, reflecting in some measure the glory of God. He is mightier than the mountains he made. His splendor outshines the blinding flash of the lightning, the brilliance of the sun shining at the zenith, the subdued radiance of a night of myriad stars; while the rumbling thunders, the roaring seas that crash upon the rock-strewn coast, the

music of the torrential waterfall, the gurgling rill, suggest the tones of the Voice Divine. Wordsworth puts it:

> I have seen
> A curious child that dwelt upon a tract
> Of inland ground, applying to his ear
> The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell
> . . . For from within were heard
> Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
> Mysterious union with its native sea.
> Even such a shell the universe itself
> Is to the ear of faith.

In the world of affairs the same fact is discerned. This is the testimony of history. Look anywhere, even in the darkest periods, and if you have faith's clear vision, you can see the workings of a purposive God. Israel was called forth to be the divine instrument for religious teaching. The world was gradually prepared for Christ's advent. Both Greeks and Romans made their contribution to the new era, and through all, God's plan goes on to fuller perfecting. And not one of us, if we are honest with ourselves and God, can fail to see how, time after time, we have been driven back upon the divine arm, and have felt a strengthening that was not of man. Our hands have touched the unseen.

IV

Such faith must be maintained.

If we would know the blessings it affords we must believe in the reality of this Unseen Benefactor. We must confide in his all-sufficient grace. And this faith must be maintained at all costs. It is the only thing that will keep us fit to face life. It alone will bring the soul into touch with the divine grace. That there will be assaults on this faith is as certain as it is that assaults have been made. Some have come along with blank negation. They have spoken airily and dogmatically about the non-existence of any beneficent Being. The only power in the world is Force. So said Voltaire.

Then others would shake the faith of the Christian by talking glibly about the Unknowable, as Herbert Spencer did, forgetting all the time that the evidence of the soul is as valid as that of the senses. The experience of men who know can be as fully trusted as the word of those who think they know!

The following story has been told with great effect. At Boldon Colliery there lived a poor man of weak intellect, who was known as "Daft Jemmy." The colliers used to play all kinds of pranks on the man, but always with kindliness and good feeling. One day they persuaded Jemmy that he could put out the sun if he did as they told him. At the colliery was an old mortar, used at wedding festivities or other times of rejoicings, with much noise and effect. This they loaded with a heavy charge of gunpowder, and pointing it in the direction of the sun, they gave Jemmy a light, and told him to fire the cannon. Nothing loath, Jemmy applied his light to the touch-hole, and with a tremendous bang the powder exploded, and the place was covered with a dense smoke, through which the sun did not penetrate, and Jemmy began to dan around wild with excitement, shouting "It's out! It out!" Then there came a puff of wind, and the smo was blown away, and behold the sun was shining brightly as before.

Just so, infidels and critics of the Bible charge the mortars and guns with powder and fire them off wi a great bang, and then shout: "It's out! It's ou Religion is a failure! Its help and its teachings a valueless! There is no God!" But there comes a pu of wind and the smoke is cleared off, the infidel is gon but the Bible remains. Religion remains. God remain

What argument leaves undecided, experience settle Simonides, a poet, when asked by the king of Syracus "What is God?" desired a day in which to prepare h answer. He turned to the sacred books, and scann also the richly illuminated scroll of nature, but in t end asked that he might have two days. Then he ask for four, till at length the king sent for him to dema an explanation: "The more I think of God the mo vast and unknown is he to me."

These assaults of the outsider are not nearly as da gerous as those that life itself makes on our faith. certain times, circumstances tend to shake our found tions, and it is little wonder if the structure in whi we have taken refuge should also rock and tend totter. The good man—that is, the man of princip and of upright life, honestly trying to do the right he sees it—is beaten back by the man who not on makes no profession of faith, but who openly def the deity! Another finds himself badly hit by some u looked-for movement of the markets. Another fin business leaving him. He cannot compete with othe in the same line, because he tries to pay fair wag and puts conscience into both his wares and his wa Still another is smitten down with sickness, or sorro floods his home, laying waste the peace that was on the center of hope and happiness. Then comes a voi like that of Job's temptress, "Curse God and die Does God care?

Once crossing the Atlantic, I made the acquaintan of a fellow passenger who had traveled far. He co fided to me that the following day was his birthda "No matter where I have been, in Europe, Sou Africa, or America, I have always had a message fro my old mother on that day. I wonder if she will g me this time?" The following day, sure enough, message of loving remembrance reached him. "The you are," he beamed, "did I not tell you that she wou remember?" It was wonderful enough that a mothe love should thus turn to her grown son year after yea but it was surely more wonderful that her wor should reach him. How could her message find t heart for which it was intended in mid-ocean?

We regard such a thing now as a commonplace, b it proves that when the prophet asked, "Can a wom forget her child?" he knew something also of t divine heart. It proves also that if we can thus co municate with one another across vast distances, can God speak to the heart attuned to him.

Again, there is the spectacle of a sin-stricken worl

ıere the powerful oppress the weak, where one man ıy seem to work his evil will to the hurt of his felvs, and thrust back the hand of progress. Can God ık on unmoved? Can God stand passively by while : thing he teaches us to revere, and for which he nself is pledged, are flouted and cast aside? These : the assaults that threaten our faith. And yet, in te of them, must faith be maintained.

"In the baptistry of the cathedral at Pisa," it has en said, "is a wonderful dome. Spacious, symetrical; composed of the choicest marble, it is a delight stand beneath, and gaze upon its beauties. Thus I ıod, one sunny April day, when suddenly the air came instinct with melody. The great dome seemed ll of harmony. The waves of music vibrated to and ı, loudly beating against the walls, swelling into full ords like the roll of a grand organ, and dying away to long-drawn, far receding echoes, melting in the stance into silence. It was only my guide, who, linring behind me a moment, had softly murmured a ple chord. But beneath that magic roof every sound solved into a symphony. No discord can reach the mmit of that dome and live. Every noise made in : building, the slamming of seats, the tramping of et, all the murmur and bustle of the crowd—all are ught up, softened, harmonized, blended and echoed ck in music. So it seems to me that over our life ngs the great dome of God's providence. Standing, we do, beneath it, no act in the divine administraın toward us, no affliction, no grief, no loss which our avenly Father sends, however hard to bear it may be, t will come back at last, softened and blended into rmony, till to our corrected sense it shall be the eetest music of heaven."

V

Such faith maintained means blessing.

Sure as the sun behind the clouds that murk the dday sky, is the presence of God. He never yet led the man of faith. He never will! In every ne of stress the faithful turn to him. And to what rpose? To find that he is the rewarder of those who us honor him, who thus diligently seek! Behind all : sadness and stinging misfortunes of life, or its zzling providences, God is present. And God is the ardian of his people's good! This will give poise to : soul so that we shall be able to see things aright. is one of the sure effects of recognizing the present od. There is much that mystifies. All will not, even the exertion of faith, be made clear, much as we ıy wish it. But there will come a fuller idea of the failing purpose, a larger idea of the overshadowing od. There is much that unsettles and tends to disss. But amid the change that time brings, yea, amid : ruin of earthly hopes, the soul of the Christian may ınd sure.

It has been pointed out that when a founder has st his bell, he does not at once put it into the steeple, t tries it with the hammer, and beats it on every side, see if there be a flaw. So when Christ converts a ın he does not at once convey him to heaven, but suffers him first to be beaten upon by many temptations and afflictions, and then exalts him to his crown. As snow is of itself cold, yet warms and refreshes the earth, so disappointments and afflictions, though in themselves grievous, keep the Christian's soul warm and make it fruitful.

What follows from such steadying? Surely, strength. The general who loses his nerve amid the clash of arms is as good as conquered. He who can still hold on, though for the moment the assault on his position may seem irresistible, he who can still see clearly what the plan of campaign requires, even though thick smoke roll round him like death's pall, is he who will prove strong. It is he who will taste the joys of conquest. So it is of the soul that recognizes that "God is on the field when he is most invisible." Hard though the service that is required of it, severe though the trials through which it must pass, strength enough for its needs, enough to carry it through, will come to the soul thus conscious of God.

Here the dynamic of faith operates. Where others lose heart, the Christian, knowing that the invisible is at hand, knowing the power of the present Christ to gird, guard and guide those who honor him with their faith, will be moved to fuller effort and still stronger striving to prove worthy of him. Such men and women are the salt of the earth. When others would faint and fail, they press on. When this one and that begin to question the value of the service to which they are called, begin to study their ease, begin to doubt the possibility of God's presence, those who have seen and felt the nearness of the divine refuse to hear the sound of the buglers that would call a retreat. They press on with redoubled ardor.

What we need today is a new sense of the unfailing God. The world is weary of its own wisdom, and its own ways. So much there is to sadden and suppress the hopes that alone can make men great, that it feels unnerved and unfit for further effort. "Let us lay down the weary loads; let us fall into the Slough of Despond into which our feet have wandered. We are tired of it all: our doubts, our battling, our struggling against insufferable odds." Thus speak the baffled. Not so, O Christian brethren, must it be of us! God is. Sure as the clouds that obscure the brightness of the sky for a few moments shall roll away, so sure is it that with undiminished love, with unwearied working and unbaffled purpose, God shall come to the aid of his suffering but loyal people.

What a glorious fact is this! It is surely enough to bring back a smile to the face and laughter to the lips. It can make us once more blithe as well as brave, gay as well as good! This is the purpose of the great Father. And for every trustful heart who will go to him in sincerity, the blessing is sure. Such contact is fraught with fullest benefit. And though the darkness be ours, we can truly say: "It is better to walk in the dark with God than walk in the light alone."

Sin is, sorrow is, suffering is, but that is not all: *God is,* and is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him!

This Universe Under God

By Willis L. Goldsmith

Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, Matthew 6:10.

JOHN BURROUGHS, the literary naturalist, once published a book entitled *Accepting the Universe,* named doubtless after the famous remark of Margaret Fuller, "I accept the universe"—a remark which prompted Thomas Carlyle to exclaim, "Egad, she'd better!"—meaning that one has no real choice in the matter. There's no rejecting it that keeps it as much as a hair's breadth away. In it we live and move while we have any being, for better or for worse.

But Burroughs' book does not make it easy for us to accept the universe. Far from it! When he gets through explaining what he thinks it means, the reader feels anything but lighthearted. He will not let us think that "accepting the universe" is like endorsing a check drawn in our favor. He argues against the idea that the universe was made for man. He quotes with approval the lines:

> Proud man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
> "See all for mine!" replied the pampered goose,

and adds, "The pampered goose was right; all things are just as much for her use as for man's, while there are reasonable doubts whether things were created for the especial use of either."

FACING THINGS AS THEY ARE

Finally he puts the issue as he sees it in these challenging words: "Are we not men enough to face things as they are? Can we not be weaned from the old theological pap? Must you and I have a special hold on the Great Mother's apron strings"—the great mother being Nature, which, beautifully as he wrote about it, he proclaims to be impersonal and a-moral, "not concerned about you and me": It has no mind or heart, nor any will in the sense that we do. We cannot say to the Universe "Thy will be done"—it has no will. Furthermore Burroughs will not let us think of it as being subject to any higher will. When he speaks of being "weaned from the old theological pap," he is contending against the idea of God's ruling or overruling the affairs of the universe.

Apparently we must conclude that for Burroughs to say "I accept the universe" meant being resigned to "a providence of impersonal forces, where no thought of kindness is," though he admits, "all such ideas chill and disquiet us until we have inured ourselves to them." Inured indeed! "Inure" means to "harden," to "accustom one's self until what is at first difficult or painful gives little or no pain." So before we accept the universe as he sees it, we must become hard-boiled, our sensibilities dulled, even to the point where we can abandon all hope of personal security, and be resigned to whatever fate awaits us, including that which is now ruthlessly being imposed upon millions of people.

If that is what it means to accept the universe, protest against it. The thought is utterly abhorre to me, and I trust also to you. I serve notice that universe "where no thought of kindness is" will nev be acceptable to me, and I shall never pretend that is. If I am compelled to live in such a universe—as do not believe I am—let it be known that I withho allegiance. I can at least do that. Little and insigni cant though I appear to be, I defy it! I spit in i great face! Such a godless universe may have a hold my body, but it shall never conquer or possess m soul. The universe that I accept must be one that morally and spiritually worthy of all respect or by wa of becoming so.

'NATURE IS WHAT WE MAKE HER'

As to what the nature of the real universe is, seems to lend itself to all manner of interpretation. is all things to all men. To the godless, it is godle "Some call it evolution, others call it God." Inde Burroughs wrote: "Nature is what we make her; t beauty, the sublimity, the power of nature are expe ences of the beholder"—which means that what a beholder is capable of experiencing is his universe—h must accept it and for him there is no other, while f a different beholder there is a different universe, appears to be.

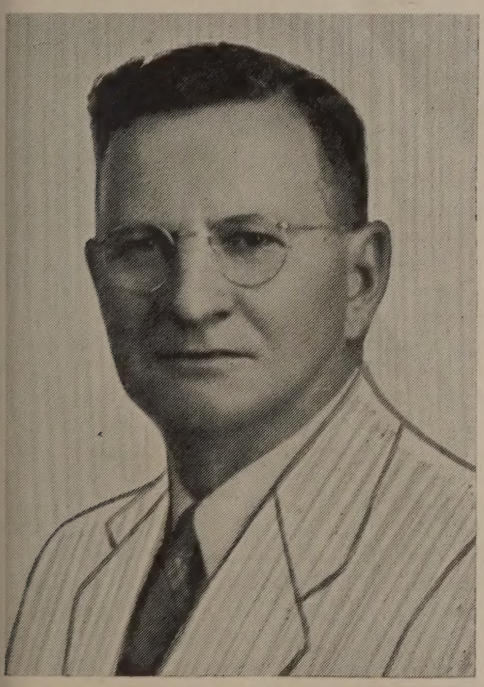
However, each beholder must be on guard again supposing that he knows and understands all. Follo ing a line of reasoning based on certain knowledge a experience, one man says we must be resigned to wh he calls an "impersonal providence." "Inure you selves to it," says he, "no more theological pap whereas another urges us to follow other clues and fe secure in the Heavenly Father's love and care, exten ing to the minutest details of our personal lives. T two attitudes are as different as day and night. Whi do you accept? I venture to say that many of us halting between the two, now more than half convinc that the great naturalist was right, only to be he back by some rainbow token of Divine Providenc promising that all things work together for our goo Then one says: "I believe, help thou mine unbelief."

In these troubled times, who of us does not feel t force of the argument that the real universe is godle and all out of control as far as any humanitarian ou come is concerned? Furthermore, is it not clear th such a universe, if real, is yet far from being acceptab to any except those who are momentarily riding on t of its terrible waves? Surely one might well wish hi self out of it but for some brief happiness that he stan a chance of snatching—as by taking the cash and letti the credit go. Is it any wonder that some taking th view, more daring than the rest, think they can g away with crime, murder—what not even on a wor scale—in pursuit of their ambition?

Why not? If the universe has no mind or will of own that is bound to thwart all such mad schemes, w not take a gamble on having one's way, with some a against others perhaps, but all for one's own ends to the advantage of one's own race or nation, stoppi at nothing, providing one sees a chance of winni

ereby? "My will be done!" since there is no higher ill than mine, or at least none higher than the will of e racial group or nation to which I belong. Accept e universe? Yes, as belonging to me and those to hom I may hand it on for the next thousand years.

These, or thoughts like these, are doubtless in the inds of men, though not so expressed. "*My* will be ne!" say many who are trying and hoping to get vay with it. At times it appears that the extent to hich one actually gets away with anything is a matter fortuitous circumstances, plus discretion and valor, us will power raised to the *nth* degree. But, as over ainst such ideas, I wish this congregation to know



WILLIS L. GOLDSMITH

at I believe in the will of God and the all-embracing ovidence of God, perhaps not altogether in the way at Abraham Lincoln did, but in much the same way. In September, 1862, Lincoln wrote out in long hand ne of the thoughts that came to him in those dark ys: "The will of God prevails. In great contests each rty claims to act in accordance with the will of God. th may be, and one must be, wrong. God cannot for and against the same thing at the same time. In present Civil War it is quite possible that God's rpose is something different from the purpose of her party, and yet the best instrumentalities, work- just as they do, are of the best adaptation to effect purpose. I am almost ready to say that this is prob- ly true; that God wills this contest and wills that it ill not end yet."

You remember also how at the time of the second ugural, while the war was still dragging on, Lincoln red to say: "The Almighty has his own purposes . . . dly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away, yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's 250 years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' "

THE WILL TO MAKE WAR

It now appears that there is no power on earth to stop war, as indeed it seems as if one nation after another had no choice but to be in it, soon or late. What if the will to make war, now so unrestrained, is yet to prove the existence of a Higher Will, which we must learn to obey before we can have peace? What if the only way mankind as a whole can be weaned away from the old bloody military pap is to be fed up on it? I will not say there is such a thing as war putting an end to war, but I observe that peacemaking efforts are vain until both victors and vanquished find out how truly Jesus spoke when he said, "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

We Americans are no better than the rest, for it seems that we are preparing to be in it when it comes our turn. I know not whether we can be blamed for taking that attitude. These matters are too great for me to pronounce absolute judgment upon. Striving as we must to overcome evil with good, without rendering evil for evil, and to live peaceably with all men, as much as in us lies, we nevertheless say, "Woe unto those by whom offense cometh," and saying it, we are only one little step away from taking up arms against those who seem to be the worst offenders.

"Oh, how hard it is to be a Christian!" as Browning put it, "hard for you and me"—yes, even as we sit here before the altar, thinking as we must of what is going on in the world. Hard as it is for us here, how much harder it must be for those who if they have ever heard the clear word of the Lord are nevertheless caught and held by godless forces which are no respecter of persons. But hard as it is to be a Christian, I insist upon being one, and not as if I could all by myself. Certainly I cannot without help from God and help from you, my Christian friends.

SEEKING A WAY OF ESCAPE

That it is going to be done, I believe with all my mind, soul and strength. "This is my Father's world, the battle is not done. . . . And though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Ruler yet." Some of us may be like those friends of Paul who, when they could do nothing against it, finally said, "The will of the Lord be done!" We may be among those who resist and try to have our own way to the bitter end. For that matter, surely we are but following our Master's example when we pray for a way of escape from the worst that seems about to happen, but may we also be like him who not only said "Thy will be done," but gave himself up to it, body and soul.

We cannot help wishing that there were going to be

fewer new crosses, row on row, that the cup of suffering and grief was nevermore being pressed to human lips, so needless, so futile it appears to be. I have walked across what was once no man's land, where long after the battle bodies still lay unburied. To me at least what is happening again is more than a newspaper story or a radio announcement. And I will not say it is God's will that these terrible things that threaten the world should happen. Nevertheless I *do* believe his will is done in spite of wars—yes, even in the midst of war.

SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR

Accepting the universe, as Burroughs interpreted it, was grim and cheerless, and now I think you may feel that I have made accepting this universe under God equally grim and cheerless. Ah, but I think not, because the acceptance of God gives one something to live for, something to look forward to, beyond any place of wrath and tears to which we may come. There is a high purpose that is being fulfilled, sometimes in spite of, sometimes by means of, what goes on. When we say to God, "Thy will, not mine, be done," we are not abandoning our best hopes, not by any means! On the contrary, we are given to understand that better things than we ever dreamed of are on foot and surely coming to pass.

Finally, to be fair to John Burroughs, I remember that at one point in his book he declares, "Love is creation's final law"—which is all that I am trying to say, only I would make much more of it. I would use it as the master-key to unlock the meaning of all things. To change the figure, I would make it the main course, strong theological meat that it is. Feeding on it, I would find strength to do and bear "the holy and blessed will of God," which encompasses not only all things that now are, but the surpassingly good that is to be. Say not, it is too good to be true; at long last nothing is too good. "The overruling Providence will not stop today; it will continue tomorrow," and the day after. "Thine is the Kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever." Amen.

PHILOSOPHY teaches us to think reflectively. It is a method of thought rather than a body of information. God has made known eternal, essential and ultimate truth in Christ in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Here is endless scope for reflection, and here is where my mind and heart have found abiding satisfaction. It is the enjoyment in Christ of "the silence of eternity interpreted by love" that brings a peace which passeth understanding to my spirit.

Best of all we know that he was manifested to take away our sins, and in him is no sin. And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding that we may know him that is true, and we are in him that is true, even in his Son, Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life.

WILLIAM H. WRIGHTON,
Professor of Philosophy, University of Georgia.

What Is Permanent i Character?

BY ABBA HILLEL SILVER

WE ARE so accustomed to the idea of char and evolution that many people have come think of morals as a sort of improvisation, a tempora expedient. They think of morals as something shifti from age to age, from place to place, possessed of continuity, direction or informing principle. This, course, is sheer nonsense. There is change, to be su but no caprice. Morals do adjust themselves to tin place and circumstance. But there is no chaos. T stream of moral life moves sometimes in narrower a sometimes in wider channels, but the stream is fai constant.

The moral life of man advances toward defin goals, and they are the twin goals of freedom a responsibility. The definite trend is to give to t individual the fullest scope for self-expression a fulfillment within a free and just society. No eth worthy of its name has ever failed to take cognizan of these twin goals—personal freedom within t boundaries of efficient social organization. No age ev quite succeeded in realizing this twofold ethical go for practice always lags behind the ideal. But the id was always present if only in the lives and aspiratio of the morally elite of every age. From time to tin the ideal succeeded in breaking through custom a convention, and propelled mankind a step nearer these beckoning goals.

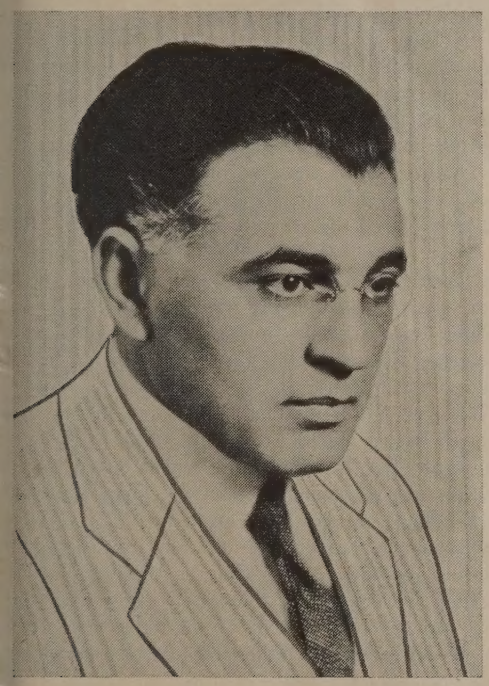
In other words, there are definite universals morals which are binding upon all men at all tim There are moral qualities which are indispensal in every age to the well-being of every individual a group. No man is exempted from these moral impe tives. No man, however gifted or high-placed, is abo and beyond the moral law of mankind. The superm is he who supremely serves this moral law, not he w transcends it. Beyond good and evil there is or anarchy and chaos.

What are these universal moral qualities? What permanent in the moral life of the individual and t society? What is permanent in character?

WHAT IS CHARACTER?

In the first place, what is character? Man is multiple being. He stands in numerous relationshi He may be at one and the same time husband, fath son, friend, citizen, employer, employee, and memb of numerous voluntary associations each involving hi in a complex of loyalties, duties and commitments. H must make adjustments to these numerous relationshi constantly. He is called upon continuously to ma decisions, render judgments, choose, act. Character the total man in action. Character is man's inn coherence, his essential unity, that which enables hi to act as one man, according to an integrating la intelligently, consistently, not whimfully or spora ically.

Character, in other words, is what makes a man ole, one, and distinctive. The word character comes m the Greek and means "to make furrows," to grave. In Hebrew we have a very appropriate term the perfect man—*"Ish Tamim"*—the "whole" man, organized human being. It was Emerson who said t "character is like an acrostic. You can read it ward, backward and across and it always spells the ne thing." A man's character is the inner necessity his life. Character is destiny. A man of character ll act in a certain way, inevitably, not because some ernal fate compels him to act that way, but because own morally disciplined will has taken possession of



Abba Hillel Silver

thought and conduct and unfailingly directs him. this sense, character is man's challenge to fate. Fate ans that a man acts in a certain way because forces ond his control have predetermined his action and cannot do anything about it. But character defies e. Character enables a man to do certain morally essary things in defiance of fate, fear, punishment the opinion of his fellow men. Character is thus the e man in action. The meaning of life is to be found in fate, but in character.

Without character intellect swiftly degenerates into angerous charlatanism and man, as an ethical being, mbles. To use a simile of the Rabbis: a man of ellect devoid of character is like a tree of many nches and of rich foliage, but possessed of few ts. When a storm sweeps over it, it topples and is rthrown.

Character is not a gift bestowed upon the individual. is something achieved. It is the result of constant l prolonged training and exercise in right conduct, in moral interests and pursuits, and they are frequently attended by considerable struggle, and suffering. This moral exercise leaves a deposit of habits which become the component elements of our character.

What, then, is permanent in character? I would say that it is a series of dynamic venerations, a series of unfailing reverences for the human body, the human intellect, the human spirit, human handiwork and human society. These venerations, when translated into active aspirations, nurture the physical, intellectual and spiritual health of the individual, advance art, science, philosophy and religion, and tend to establish justice and peace among men.

I stress the words veneration and reverence because, in character, it is attitudes which are decisive. Man cannot always achieve what he sets out to achieve; for man is man and not God. Nevertheless, if a man's attitudes are right, if the things which are noble are by him regarded as noble, he will never be entirely lost. It is the scoffer, the man who denies the very validity and worth of ideals, the cynical confounder of values, who is totally lost. "Happy is the man," says the Psalmist, " who does not sit in the seat of the scoffer." "Woe unto them that call evil good and good evil, that put darkness for light and light for darkness," is the way the prophet Isaiah puts it.

REVERENCE FOR THE BODY, AND FOR THE HUMAN INTELLECT

The first reverence must be for the human body—the body which the Rabbis called the "temple" in which the soul dwells as in a sanctuary. Such reverence leads man to temperance and sobriety and keeps him free from all forms of physical excess. It makes for physical cleanliness and health. It creates in society those agencies and institutions which protect and safeguard human life. No great ethics ever contemned the human body. Only those systems of ethics which were vitiated by extreme mystical other-worldliness looked upon the human body as the seat of all evil and as morally repulsive. Classic religions regarded both soul and body as the noble handiwork of God interpenetrating and reinforcing each other. No civilization can afford to destroy man's essential reverence for the human body.

Reverence for the human intellect, for man's heroic search for knowledge and understanding, is another essential quality of character. It is that which gives the human race its irrepressible impulse towards truth-seeking, which is its cross, its crown and its immortality. It is that which leads man away from barbarism and enables the human race to destroy error, ignorance, falsehood, superstition—the things which render human life ugly and brutal. Not every man can be great intellectually, but every man can be greatly reverent of the human intellect, of man's immemorial adventure in the undiscovered continents of truth. This reverence builds schools and universities, kindles the torches of science and the humanities, and defends the freedom of the embattled spirit of man. Our stupid totalitarian age is fast destroying all reverence for the human intellect. It is enslaving and prostituting it. Unscrupul-

ous state absolutism is converting the mind of man into a tool for shabby and mischievous partisan propaganda. Free and independent thought is now tabu in most countries of the earth. Civilization is languishing because of this lost or destroyed reverence. The mind of man wilts. It misses the spiritual vitamins for vigorous, creative effort. Only out of inner dignity does man create intellectually, spiritually or esthetically. And without freedom there is no dignity, even where men try to substitute for it synthetic, "ersatz" pride or arrogance.

REVERENCE FOR HUMAN PERSONALITY

There is also the reverence for the human spirit. I use this term for lack of a better one. I mean reverence for the dignity, worth and inviolability of human personality. I mean reverence for the sanctity of human life. I mean a vital conviction that the individual man is related not only to the state or society but also to God, that he accordingly is possessed of certain inalienable rights which are his by virtue of this kinship with God, and not by virtue of his belonging to some society, state, nation, race, class or party. I mean that the individual has a high and exalted destiny which even the powerful state or any other social grouping must respect. I mean humility in the presence of human suffering, of the struggles which man must endure in order to wrest a little bit of happiness for himself in this world. It is this reverence for the spirit of man which gives us our religions and our ideals, which puts sympathy, tolerance, pity and charity in our heart.

It is that which gives society the propelling tendencies toward justice, equality, democracy and peace in the world. The indignities which are today being visited upon men all over the world, the cheapening and regimentation of the lives of individuals, the total submergence of man in the overwhelmingly coordinated society, is due to this loss of reverence for the spirit of man.

The coming revolt of man will be for the recovery of his lost patrimony, his inalienable rights and revenge for his ravaged soul.

REVERENCE FOR HUMAN HANDIWORK

Another permanent quality in character is reverence for man's handiwork. God beheld his own handiwork in the primal days of creation, saw that it was good, and blessed it. And so must man, the child of God. Whatever man fashions in faithfulness of execution and integrity of purpose is holy. Human labor is the God in man refashioning daily the work of creation. This reverence for human handiwork gives us the ideal of craftsmanship and the inexhaustible pride of achievement. All that we have of art and beauty we owe to this fructifying reverence for what the mind, heart and hand of man create. And this reverence will not be content to leave man as a mere factory hand, an adjunct of the machine, a routine performer of a few mechanical movements. Either within or without his working hours man must find time and opportunity for the development of skills.

REVERENCE FOR HUMAN SOCIETY

And the last reverence is for human society as suc for the total life of the group to which we owe much, including our very lives. A lively realization how we are bound together fiber by fiber in a share common destiny, and of how we all belong inextricab to one communion of saints and sinners, gives us o social ethics, our mandates of altruism, service a *noblesse oblige*. It is that which makes men eager c workers in cooperative social enterprises. It pr jects all our messianic dreams. It visions the perfe society, the Kingdom of God, the End of Days wh each man shall dwell under his vine and under his f tree with none to make him afraid.

This last reverence is the most difficult of a because it calls for the largest measure of self-sacrifi on the part of the individual. It demands an hero measure of self-control. It summons men to curb the appetites, ambitions and desires, and coordinates the individualities with those of others. Because this la reverence is so difficult, all the great religions of ma kind have placed the greatest emphasis upon it. "The hast been told, O Man, what is good and what t Lord doth require of thee, only to do justice, to lo mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

These basic attitudes toward life, I regard as t permanent qualities and the permanently desirab qualities in character.

Character, it should finally be borne in mind, is personal matter. There are many people in the wor who would like to reform the world but who nev think of first reforming themselves. That, apparentl is too difficult or too unpleasant a task. I have know many men who can give you, at any time, a comple blueprint for the reconstruction of society, but wh have not learned the first lessons of how they ther selves can be reconstructed into better men, bett sons or husbands or fathers or friends or citizer A man of character begins his program for the world salvation with *himself*. The Ten Commandments the Bible are pointedly directed to the individua Thou shalt! Thou shalt not!

Our age is unloading its responsibilities upon go ernment. All evils are charged to governments and a salvation is hoped for from government. It is in portant, of course, to reconstruct the social enviro ment, to remove all obstructions to the free flow the social spirit of man. But it is also important a even more so to arouse and energize the social spi of man, to reconstruct the inner self of individua Our age needs an inner revolution, a new heart and new covenant with character.

BATTERED by bombs, scarred by high explosives, t world is turning in this hour of agony to spiritu sources of comfort and strength. Material agenci have proved tragically inadequate. We have tried for to settle international difficulties and it has proved criminal failure; we have depended on diplomacy and has proved a broken reed. So now as a last reso we call on God.—WILLIAM MATHER LEWIS.

Totalitarian Christians

By A. Paul Wright

All the people answered together, and said, All that Jehovah hath spoken we will do. Exodus 19:8.

VITAL periods in history spotlight key words which describe the nature of the crisis or the major emphasis of the time. The birth of Christ put a halo of hope around the words "peace" and "good will" to make them forever supreme in the purposes of Christian people. The Reformation put the word "Protestant" into circulation and by it condensed into three syllables an interpretation of Christianity in terms of freedom, private judgment and conscience and the government of the church by its people.

So this momentous century in human affairs likewise is condensing the perils and the possibilities of the times into a word and by that one word describing with vivid clarity the issues of the hour. The word is "total"—an old word, a simple word, but now headlined in the news of the day.

TOTALITARIAN TODAY!

"Total war." With a shudder we can realize what that means; war waged, not against an army in the field but against the whole population and possessions of a nation, against children and cathedrals, hospitals, villages and commerce. "Total defense." Now we are learning what that means—defense by taxation, by conscription, by industrial speed-up, by propaganda, by gearing into one purpose and plan every significant enterprise of a nation. "Total government," or "totalitarianism." The sinister menace of that has been spreading like a storm cloud over all the world. It is the government of the entire life of a people by their rulers, the control of what they shall read and hear and say, the control of their food quota, their schools and churches, their recreation, their labor, their whole life. "Total"—it is the key word of the hour and it describes the most important characteristic of our day.

What does it mean to us today, not now in terms of its Satanic use but as it applies to our life in peacetime affairs and in man's enduring hope for a better world? Well, it means this: no one counts for much today as an individual except as he relates his life to some group effort. Individuals are not extinct in our world, but individualism in the sense of solitary independence is. Note some of the many indications of this truth. For food and clothing and shelter we are all linked together. Our very existence as physical beings is dependent upon the labors of others—upon farmers and lumbermen and cotton pickers, upon merchants and factory workers, upon retail merchants and deliverymen. Not for one day can you and I live without the united toil of literally thousands of people who fit into a gigantic scheme of production and distribution.

Or think of it another way. What physician would try to practice his profession of healing apart from the chemist's laboratory, the hospital, the medical school, the textbooks and journals of his colleagues? I know a boy who had tuberculosis five years ago. The doctor diagnosed his trouble with an x-ray machine which others had invented and perfected; he put the boy in a hospital to be treated by the total skill and experience and equipment of that institution. From there he sent him to a sanitorium maintained by our taxes in this state, where an operation, under lights invented by Thomas Edison, with instruments designed and created by others, saved that boy's life and put him back in his home community with health restored.

Total treatment—it is an elementary assumption of every competent physician today.

THE CURRENT TREND TOWARD UNION

The trend is evident wherever you look. Manufacturers unite, with interests and problems in common—and a National Manufacturers Association emerges. Labor unites for collective bargaining, since no one employee, in his limited power, can bargain with an employer who holds great power over his life—and an A.F. of L. and a C.I.O. emerge. Consumers discover that they have common problems and needs which cannot be met by individual effort, and consumers' groups arise to express the desires of people who buy. Parents and teachers learn that they can understand and help children best as they combine the experience and insights of the home with the experience and training of the school, and a Parent-Teacher Association is born of the union.

"Total"—it is the key word of our day, since no individual apart from others can exist or make his contribution to life by himself.

How obvious and yet how slow we Christians are to apply that idea to our religious life! We seem to have forgotten that it is one of the strands of truth woven into our spiritual heritage. Thumb through the Bible and see the constant repetition of emphasis on total effort, united strength, togetherness in religion. When Moses came down from Mount Sinai three months after the Hebrew tribes had fled from their Egyptian bondage, the historian of that time wrote: "And all the people answered together, and said, All that Jehovah hath spoken we will do." That was a proclamation of democratic totalitarianism. "All the people together said, All that Jehovah hath spoken we will do."

Turn to the Psalms and it appears again: "O magnify the Lord with me, let us exalt his name together." Jesus continued the ideal and the practice when he began his ministry by selecting twelve men "that they might be with him," and once again religion took the initiative as a united social force.

THE SLEEPING CHURCH

But though we can trace it back as an indispensable axiom of our faith, though we can see its application today by professions and industry and labor, and though we bemoan the fact that evil forces have perverted it to brutal destructiveness, we do not yet fully seize upon it as the strategy and the vital power of Christian conquest. We are not yet totalitarian Christians.

Here, for example, is a man who says, "I can be a

good Christian even though I do not belong to or attend a church." But the world today, with its critical tension, is saying to him: "What can you do alone?" Can you touch the migrant problem of America, with its two million wandering and impoverished toilers, to give a semblance of human decency to their lives? Or will members of the church contributing through its agencies do more than you as they send doctors and nurses and teachers and ministers to serve them?

One day a very intelligent woman who lived in a community of unusual opportunity said: "I am not interested in the church. I am bringing up my two daughters to live by the Golden Rule. If they follow that I don't care whether they ever enter a church."

A. Paul Wright

How naïve! Where did she find out about the Golden Rule? It didn't flow into her mind out of the ether. Rather, it is a part of her thinking and moral standards because of the labors of scholars and teachers in the church who, through the centuries, have preserved it in biblical translation and taught it to one generation after another from the pulpit and in the church school.

"I can be a good Christian by myself." Yes, in a little private sort of way. But if you want Christ's ministry of truth and healing hope to reach out to all mankind, it is necessary to unite your efforts with those of others so that together you may do what no one by his own strength or resources can possibly attempt.

Imagine the futility of a forward on a basketball team saying: "I can play the game by myself; I do not have to cooperate with the center or the guards." Imagine the absurdity of a high school cheering section made up of individuals who give their own individual cheers. There is no morale, no mass power, no coordinated strength to such a procedure. Yet there ar many individual Christians, many good people, wh are speaking and living and acting by just such spiritua anarchy.

Facing World Tasks, We Must Unite

The power of the church today is waiting upon th enlightened wills of men and women and youth o whom a historian one day can write: "And all th people answered together, and said, All that God hat spoken through Christ we will do."

Or again, see how individual churches have suc cumbed to this same fallacy of isolation as they g their own independent ways quite apart from the de mand for a larger loyalty to the tasks of the denomina tion to which they belong. The world, organized nov for total effort, either toward high goals or low one says to such a church, "What can you do alone?"

In the United States a check is forged every thre and a half minutes and a major crime is committe every twenty-two seconds. What can an individua church do alone to meet this deplorable situation? Ca it face the responsibility of character training alon and hope to cope with immorality and crime? Can i minister to human need in its many forms solely by it own effort? Or must it not learn the lesson of tota effort and link its strength with all other churches tha make up its particular communion?

Just a few months ago twenty denominations wer making an appeal to their membership for an emer gency fund to provide relief to mission stations or phaned by the war and to give extra aid in other area of tension and suffering. No single church in any de nomination could hope to do what these denominations will do with their united funds. But by combined participation each church in each denomination ca add its small quota to the gifts of many other churche and thereby take its place in the work of total rescue The larger ministry of Christian service which ever denomination can do awaits the day when all th churches together will say, "All that God hath spoke through Christ we will do."

Futile Denominationalism

But there is another step to take. What denomina tion in America is big enough by itself or strong enoug or comprehensive enough to attempt the tasks of Prot estant Christianity? In this great nation there ar nearly two million members of our own Presbyteria communion. But do we want to face the responsibilit of Christian leadership for our nation with our lim ited power, or had we not better link our strength wit other communions so that together we can do what n denomination by itself dares to attempt? This obviou need is the root reason for a Federal Council o Churches. Through it the largest denominations ar nourishing a growing unity and leadership for Prot estantism which is indispensable in this world of tota enterprise. Through it the hopes and ideals and pur poses of Protestant Christians are joined in a unite expression so that the common loyalty to Christ whic

ve share together can result in a total effort to trans-ate his spirit and teachings to the needs of this day. ..et all the churches together say, "All that God hath poken through Christ we will do."

But America is not the world, nor can it dwell part from the world. Leaders of nations are talking bout a new order, not for Germany alone nor for Russia, but a new order for the world—for the East nd West, for America, for you and me; a new order et to the iron hand of fascism or to the revolutionary oncepts of communism. Is it not apparent that Chris-ianity must be universal, a total world force, a united vay of life, if it is to assert its strength against the ascist or communist pattern?

The conflagration of brutal hatred that is now sweep-ng the world is leaving no area of civilization un-corched by its flames. Africa and Siam are feeling its ower; the Dutch East Indies, Australia and America s well as the nations of the European continent. Just o must the contagious spirit of Christian justice and ood will be spread to all mankind. A provincial Christianity cannot cope with a universal evil, a na-ionalistic Christianity cannot master a world-embrac-ng paganism. It is either the world for Christ by Christian effort on all sides and on all fronts, or the vorld for anti-Christ garbed as a modern barbarian. How vital then are Christian missions that reach out o the corners of the globe as outposts of Christian ruth and love! How essential it is that we learn the orrible lesson of total conflicts and combat it with a otal Christianity that aspires for no goal less than the Christianizing of all mankind!

HEALING THE WORLD'S WOUNDS

Have we spurned mission effort and missionary sup-ort? German national socialism hasn't; Russian com-nunism hasn't—their missionaries are in China and Africa and Japan and America. And ours too are in ll parts of the world, healing bodies, teaching minds, uilding characters and pleading now with all of us o give them strength in their work that the world may now the spirit of Christ and in allegiance to him ind the way to international justice and peace.

You and I alone cannot do very much that matters n this kind of world. But you and I together with thers in this single church, and this church alive to its enominational opportunities, and our denomination t work with other communions in this nation and broad, can mean a totalitarian Christianity great nough and vigorous enough to heal the wounds of uffering people and light the way to a better world.

"And all the people answered together, and said, All that Jehovah hath spoken we will do."

THERE is only one justification for a rich man or woman, and that justification is benevolence. To be strong and to use one's strength for the benefit of humanity—that is fine. To become a leader and to use that leadership in the right direction—that is altogether good. But whether one leads or whether one follows, the end is the same—the good of humanity.

JOHN RAY EWERS.

By What Are We Known?

BY ROY A. BURKHART

He was known of them in the breaking of the bread. Luke 24:35.

HAVE you ever gone to a symphony? Have you ever known the peace that such divine music can bring? Have you ever felt the pain of longing that follows that peace? For a moment one feels at one with God in all his ways and then like a flash of lightning there is the pain of longing. Peace and longing, mingled into a pattern of ecstasy! At a symphony one is lost from self and the littleness that marks our existence. There is also the sense of freedom from routines and systems and details. There is also the realization of shallowness and cheapness—our ways look so inadequate measured by the perfection and the vision of beauty wrought by the symphony, and it is then that visions woo us, longings lure us, dreams make us restless and we come to a truer realization of life in its fullness than perhaps we have ever known for days.

It was at the last symphony that my thoughts for this morning received their birth. As I listened to the music of the great masters—Wagner, Brahms, Grieg, and the others—I said to myself—the most that I know of those great musicians I can know only through their music. Of them I know so little—so few of the many details of their lives—and yet of them I know so much—eternal beauty finds its way to me through them. Once they talked face to face with the Eternal and generations later I listen in on the mighty conversation. And I go away feeling that I too talk with the Eternal through some media, if only by some very simple efforts, and am richer.

As I sat listening, I was intrigued by the concert maestro. He sat so lazily and unconcerned. From what I could see, he seemed to have no business there. He seemed unstrung, so without color, so indifferent. Then, for a moment, he played alone, and while he continued to slouch, I sat more erect, my heart beat faster and I felt like shouting. I really knew him only by those few minutes of playing alone, and then I knew why he was the maestro.

I

Naturally my mind drifted to Jesus—the one who made his triumphal entrance into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday and in a few days was crucified; the one to whom the multitudes sang hosannas on Palm Sunday and on Thursday cried, "Crucify him!"; the one who died for a purpose rather than take to the woods to save his life. I thought of Jesus and of his meaning and influence in the world. He was born in a distant land nearly two thousand years ago. His mother was Mary and his father was Joseph, a poor, struggling carpenter. His home town of Nazareth lacked the qualities of fame. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" He had the learning of the average boy

of his day. He had no wealth in money or property, for did he not say, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath nowhere to lay his head"?

He left no writings. His teachings seemed simple enough and they were mainly roadside conversations to a handful of followers, and as Dr. Buttrick says, "were trusted to their precarious memory." He chose twelve disciples and lived with them three years: one betrayed him and the others fled when he was crucified.

After his burial, his disciples said that he arose from the dead and they believed it. George Bernard Shaw writes to a fellow author: "How do you explain that you, George Moore, and I are now occupying ourselves with Jesus?" And after these two thousand years, Jesus still seems to be very much alive.

Men through the generations have argued about Jesus. The facts of his birth have formed a vexing problem. More and more we are coming to believe in his humanity and that he was humanity at its best with God in the soul. We are coming to think of Jesus as a man through whom God came to earth and the more we know about life, the more we see that God has no other way to come. Our concern is not how did Jesus come but what manner of person was he of whom within a generation it was said: "Cruel kings woke in fear when he was born. Stars were swung in their orbits. Sages came from afar with royal gifts and knelt in homage. Shepherds in their gentle toil beheld through a rifted midnight sky 'the hid battlements of eternity,' and heard in awestruck rapture the seraph song, and knew that God had come to earth."

And yet with all his manliness, with all the power of his living, with all the truth of his insight, with all of the immortality of his influence there are so few things by which he is known. I have already mentioned some of them—the star and the angels' song, the temple, the carpenter's shop, the sea, ships, storm and waves, little children, healing the sick, a garden, a cross and a lonely hill and later bread and the cup. It is by these that we know him and through which we catch the clues to his living and his power.

Do you remember the walk to Emmaus? Jesus joined two of his disciples and they went the day through without their knowing him. Then as they sat down in the evening, they knew him in the breaking of bread—perhaps they knew him because of his deep gratitude for all the blessings of life.

II

It is amazing how much we can know through a little thing. Jesus was known in the breaking of bread. Think of it—just in the way he ate! The other day I was walking from our children's chapel over to the church and I saw a baby's shoe by the walk. All I could know of that baby was through that shoe. I wondered about it, about its parents and their thoughts of life. I thought of the little foot on which that shoe once fit. I knew that baby only by its shoe.

The other Sunday as I was walking to church I saw an empty whiskey bottle. Someone had thrown it there. I wonder who it was. He must have thrown it out while driving. I kept asking myself: Why does h drink? What are his ideas about life? Is he happy Is he sure of himself? Is he married? How old What does he look like? If a father, what do his chil dren think of him? All I know of him is that h drinks and that he drinks while driving. I only know him by an empty whiskey bottle.

Last Saturday night I walked to the Three Art Club part of the way before I was picked up by passing car. As I walked along I saw a little boy maybe three years of age, looking out of an upstair window, his head silhouetted against the lighted back ground of his bedroom. I do not know the family tha

Roy A. Burkhart

lives there. I only know them by that little fellow' head against the window, ten o'clock at night. I seemed as though he was lonely—I was haunted to g in and play with him. I walked along asking mysel questions: Who is that boy? What is he like? Migh he someday succeed me as pastor of this church, or b President of the United States? But all that I knev of him or that family was that head inside the win dow, that face peering into a dark night as if keeping very lonely vigil.

III

By what do people know us? Those who crucifie Jesus are known by their stupidity, by their fals choices, by their shortness of vision. They are als known by their fickleness; for one moment they calle him king and the next a blasphemer, worthy only o death by crucifixion. Peter is remembered by hi denial; Pilate by his spinelessness; Judas by his be trayal and "thirty pieces of silver."

Jane Addams is remembered by Hull House; George Washington by his willingness to serve his country; Lincoln for freeing the slaves. I remember my father by his honesty, by the times we hunted and fished together, by his Sunday morning prayers. I remember one of my teachers because of one sentence he spoke that changed my life. By what will you be remembered?

In 1840 a Mediterranean immigrant landed in Australia, bearing as a memento of his home a flower pot with a prickly pear. How little did anyone guess what the result of that would be! That prickly pear is one of the great concerns now of the Australian government and to fight it a large appropriation is needed each year. And despite all efforts, it becomes more and more a fierce enemy of the keepers of the soil. One man is remembered only by a prickly pear he took to a land.

Here and there are those who are remembered for the evil, the hurts they have caused—some of them out of stupidity, some out of mean contempt. Think what Hitler and Stalin will be remembered by! If people shall say of me, he helped one person, how wonderful! If they say of me, he hurt one person, how terrible!

When the body of Abraham Lincoln was being brought to Springfield from Washington, the train went through New York and then on through Albany. Here, it is said, a colored mammy lifted her baby up above the crowd and said: "Take a good look, honey, he died for you." So if I could, as Dr. Fosdick once said, I would like to lift your heads up to see Calvary and say, "He died that you might find the secret of true living." And in the final analysis, it is by the Cross that we best remember Jesus. By what are you best remembered?

IV

In these dark days we might go a step further. We know so little of God and so little of the future, and yet we know much. God has given so much by which we can know him. Life is a symphony but it is an unfinished symphony, and we are awaiting the last movement, the last chord, which will give meaning to the discord at the very moment when it is revealed. There is melody. We cannot hear the birds sing, look into the eyes of a friend or behold the heroisms and loyalties of men without knowing there is melody; but it is a broken melody.

Yet there is always Something very near, trying to lay hands upon us; Something seeking an entrance into our lives in order to make itself felt and known and heard. The world aches with the stress of the silence that tries to speak, but is tongue-tied as in sleep, because we do not hear. Here and there a hint, a gleam of the Eternal bursts through, and as much, or as little, as we see is our religion. Now and then on the face of the very young or the face of the very old we see the flash of a Face, looming in the distance, veiled in beauty, yet coming nearer and nearer—the face of the future man, the Christ-man, who will be gentle, just, heroic, happy and free.

That Face will yet appear on this blood-bathed earth, where today again the trumpet is being blown for war; that image will rise higher and higher—light unimaginable will break through every window in the world. Perhaps some boy or girl here might be known in the future by that. That chance is good if the Christ can invade our hearts this morning.

By what will we be known?

A New Order of Society

By William B. Spofford

THE CHURCH long since should have proclaimed that there is no solution to be found for the world's ills, including war, within the profit system. The purpose of God, as revealed by the prophets and supremely by Jesus, is the establishment on earth of an order of society in which all men may live the abundant life and in which, with barriers of caste, class and nationality removed, they will all recognize their common Father and hence their brotherly relationship to each other.

This purpose of God is denied, not alone by the secular world but by the very church itself which was placed on earth to proclaim it. The reason for her failure is an obvious one: to proclaim a new society, as we were told to do two thousand years ago, would offend powerful people who are determined to preserve the existing order, even if it means misery and war for the masses of the people throughout the world. So, figuratively, there is hung from the vast majority of pulpits that sign which porters place in their pullmans about ten o'clock each night: "Quiet is requested for those who have retired." . . .

Though we have adequate machinery, an abundance of raw materials and an oversupply of man power, yet we have war and misery because our economic life is not ordered to give life to the many but profits to the few. And we seem prepared to do anything to solve the problem except the one thing that is required of us: namely, recognize that no solution is to be found within the profit system.

For nearly ten years we have been trying to cure our economic ills by creating what Europeans call a social service state. Through the spending of billions through governmental agencies, and the plowing under of crops and the shutting down of machines, we tried to maintain the profit system by artificially creating that on which it depends: scarcity. We are now entering another phase of capitalism whereby we seek to solve our economic problems by building armaments on borrowed money and by "ploughing under every fourth American boy." . . .

We still have democracy in America—democracy which is a technique for peaceful, orderly change. The way to maintain it is to use it. We must move from where we are—a system wherein an abundance of machines, materials and men nevertheless gives the vast majority misery and war—to an order of society that will give to our people security, abundance and peace. And the churches, if true to their mission, will be the leaders in proclaiming this new society.

Realism and Reality

By George M. Gibson

. . . for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal. IICorinthians 4:18.

OUR age, embracing realism, has lost Reality. Refusing to doubt the reality of things which are seen, the mind of the times denies the reality of things which are not seen. The characters of the present day are: sophisticated indifference or cynical antagonism to the world of spirit, preoccupation with the immediate and concrete, unimaginative mediocrity in letters and art, and coarseness and brutality in human relations. These characters are assumed and cultivated in the name of a scientific temper which, demanding raw facts, will have none of the rosy optimism of idealism nor old wives' tales of religious illusion.

Realism arrives as the reaction from a disappointed idealism, and as another effort to answer the age-old question, What is real? The world emphasis has swung back and forth between these poles as long as philosophers have worried over the riddle of existence. A time of exalted though ill-grounded idealism invites its disaster. It is the pride that goeth before a fall. And when the fall comes, realism in some form supplants it. There is something healthy about it. At its best, this spirit seeks reasonable grounding for its faith. It passionately rejects the perversion of the actual, and as passionately scorns religions whose interests are in cloudy abstractions while their subjects suffer and starve. It would puncture the arrogant bubble of dogmatism, held too sacred for investigation. It is one kind of answer to the everlasting cry, Give us what is real!

PHILOSOPHY OF DISILLUSIONMENT

But each appearance of realism makes its own emphasis and gathers its own meanings. An excursion into the history of philosophy will not help us much in trying to understand the present variety. We thumb through the vocabulary grown up through the centuries around this central issue—*nominalism, phenomenalism, epiphenomenalism*—but finding little clue into present meanings. We are struck by dissimilarities, rather than similarities, in the use of the same words in different times. Thus, the realism of Plato was a diametric opposite to the realism of these new Americans, and it is this latter we would seek to understand, so we abandon the search in history.

Unless you are some sort of realist these days you are without standing. The literati started it, returning from the war as the "sad young men" of the era of disillusionment. It was a brilliant if not very hopeful company who in their books—*American Tragedy, Main Street, Farewell to Arms*—proposed at last to have done with shams and deception and to show us at last that "life is like *that!*" There was a zeal in it akin to the enthusiasm of religious faith, but turned against faith as it was against the shams and pretensions of conventional morality. Dead must be the soul not someway stirred by the prayer of Sinclair Lewis' Dr. Gottlieb: "O God, keep me from sham and pretense. Give me to destroy hypotheses when facts belie them. O God, help me not to trust in God!"

'NOW ARE WE MATURE!'

Art forms appeared, painting subjects "warts and all," and using the term realism to cloak the mediocrity and poverty of stiff and formal design. Sophomores and popular philosophers heralded the age of the actual —"Now are we mature!" Some few bewailed the new and tougher order with confessions of nostalgia for Victorian days:

> Romance beside his unstrung lute
> Lies stricken mute.
> The oldtime fire, the antique grace,
> You will not find them anywhere.
> Today we breathe a commonplace,
> Polemic, scientific air;
> We strip Illusion of her veil;
> We vivisect the nightingale
> To probe the secret of her note.
> The Muse in alien ways remote
> Goes wandering.

And others repented of their former skills, seeking to constrain their tempered spirits within the mold of the times. Here is the exquisite and delicate lyric of Winifred Welles:

> Once when I looked at willows, I would say,
> "Thin-fingered women are underneath that hair!"
> Or, at the close of a quieter day,
> A flock of tall birds would seem standing there
> On single legs, heads tucked in for the night
> Under gray-green plumage—
> "Willow, willow is the note
> If roots turn claws, and boughs go up in flight!"
> Or "A river-woman with a long white throat
> Will call if I call 'Willow!'"

Thus far, the essence of true poetry, for it deals with the things that are not seen and are eternal. Its cadences and its imagery unite in a revelation of that reality that lies within and beyond the things seen, a reality that is reached by sensitive intuition and inspired imagination. But, as though ashamed of her insight, the poetess hastens to add:

> So I would say
> When I looked at willows once—But today,
> The actual willow, the fact of a tree
> Seems fanciful and beautiful enough for me.

And those last four lines are not poetry at all. They are a very elementary lesson in horticulture. You can't touch the deeper meanings with harsh words like "actual" and "fact," for words like that have a way of blinding their users to that which is more *actual* than all appearances, and to the only important *facts* of all existence. This is prose, and poor prose, for it deals with the things seen, which are temporal.

SKEPTICISM AS A TOOL

Thus the very zeal to do away with illusion arrives finally at its own kind of illusion. Realism, adopting

skepticism as a tool of the intellect, necessarily misses the reality which skepticism cannot reach. For the things which are not seen have their own laws of discovery; and faith, not skepticism, is their key.

The new spirit of realism invaded the realm of biography, determined at first to show us our heroes as they really were. But before the vogue ran its course the "re-write" biographers were dragging the great from their pedestals with vengeance under the claim of stripping the veil of myth that covered their earthly flesh, and dusting off cobwebs and legends. Ah, had they but known that reverence is the key to unlock the

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inexplicable mystery of heroic life! There would be less unfaith among the masses now.

Carlyle knew how to look at a great man, not gullibly yet with honor and understanding, finding in him the slumbering hero in ourselves. Ruskin knew that we must reverently enter that silent Fauborg St. Germain, city of sleeping kings, not in mediocrity to touch the crowns on their foreheads and to finger the robes they lie in, but to call them by their names; which when they hear "they will rise up in their strength of long ago, narrowly to look upon us and to ask, 'Art thou also become as noble and mighty as we are? Art thou also become one of us?'" And the exceptional Vachel Lindsay caught it in his "Litany of Heroes":

> "Would that I might rouse the Lincoln in you, . . .
> Would that I might rouse St. Francis in you all.

That healthy impulse which originally prompted the times to rid themselves of the pack of lies that had deceived them, has turned with a vengeance upon the very Reality it so mistakenly seeks. Realism has come to mean ugliness. It spells the rule of force in world politics, chicanery in domestic relations. Its philosophers are primarily persons of unfaith, having negatively sought for truth too long. For you can't find truth spending a lifetime cynically daring truth to prove its way while you meet its every approach with fresh scorn. Skepticism has a certain proper use as tool of the intellect, but cynicism is the vacuum abhorring reality. Our loved ones are not won that way, and truth must be wooed if we would own her. Faith and prayer are her methods.

RELIGION AND THE TIME SPIRIT

It is natural that in such times religion, too, would partake of that spirit. Recognizing the failure of past idealisms and sharing in the general disappointment with old illusions, the religion of our times turned once more to answering the old human question, What, after all, is real? A reaction set in against otherworldly unconcern with the here and now, and against superficial assumptions now belied by modern discoveries. The new religious writing appeared with words like "realism" and "reality" in the titles. Much of this new spirit moved along the higher and deeper levels of the classic Christian experience. It sought for the genuine rather than the spurious, the demonstrable rather than the speculative. It recovered the sense of basic things which reside in the realm of the unseen. It brought new heart and new hope to many whose idealisms had betrayed them and whose souls needed the word of reality to bring them new life.

But religion may be as perverted as literature, and certain expressions of this newer religious emphasis partook of the time spirit. First motivated by a desire for release from illusions, it crystallized into the hard temper we have seen in the other disciplines of modern life. Disappointed with hopes of salvation mistakenly based upon human idealism, it found some strange comfort in the doctrine of original sin, making that teaching synonymous with Christianity. This is, indeed, a new version of Christianity. It is a version which has one message: that man is steeped in sin, personal, social and original, and there is no hope for him. In this interpretation the gospel is no more than a principle of criticism over history which is doomed to permanent unredemption. One writer on evangelism says: "The evangelist must make plain that we shall not escape altogether from sin. . . . Evil inheres in every human choice." And yet another, propounding the doctrine of "the lesser evil," brands as self-righteous any who may be naive enough to believe that things unseen have power to redeem things that are seen.

MAN CANNOT SAVE HIMSELF!

That kind of religion must be repudiated. It is not Christianity. It accepts one insight of the classic tradition, that profound insight into the needful condition of man in nature and his inability to perform his own forgiveness, and makes of that an entire religion. Its partial insight is true, as all religions have their contri-

bution of truth. Man cannot save himself. Idealism is not the way out from the depths of despair. For idealism is too subjective; it is human in its origin, humanity is its object of faith, and it is therefore doomed from the start. Man cannot save himself! This primary consciousness is of the essence of the religious experience. Only when we are conscious of our creatureship under God, and only when we come to the extremity of our creature strength, are we prepared for the redemption which, when it comes, must come by the grace of God through Christ.

All that is true, and thus far the offering of these realists is better than that of the exponents of the religion of man. But they have not seen through to the ultimate meaning, the meaning which makes our Christianity a gospel rather than a death sentence. Confession is not the end of Christian faith, nor conviction of iniquity its triumph. That would be to circumscribe the area of things seen, regarding it the total of our miserable existence. That would be to treat the world of unseen things as though it did not exist. All the difference lies in how we answer the age-old question, What is real? These realists seem to say: The world of conflicting forces and tentative victories and defeats is real, and the dreams of a Kingdom of God cannot prevail against it. But Christianity presents the Kingdom, not simply as more desirable, but as infinitely superior to the seen world in its origins, its power and its destiny.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD—ON EARTH

The gospel of Jesus Christ is the gospel of redemption, nothing less. And redemption claims the realm of world history and of every separate human soul. Forget that, and we have no gospel but a pronouncement of doom. Christianity reads no death sentence upon guilty humanity, but a charter of new life in Christ. It declares the reality of God as disclosed in him, the primary reality which creates, orders and sustains. It presents that reality as available to man in his sin, and more; it declares it victorious over sin. It visions the final consummation, the completion of redemption that compasses hell, earth and heaven, and "leaves up no down not one spot for the creature to stand in."

It tells of the sure day when the Kingdom shal reign, not in heaven alone, but on earth, where men, a last chastened and purified by great tribulation an wearied by his rebellions shall cry: "Nothing but God Nothing but God! I say."

This Reality of the Christian disclosure has every thing in it which we dumbly long for and miss. Her is Power, against the imprisoning necessity of natura law, and against that more tyrannical law of our ow members. Here is Freedom, where the world of th seen offers us slavery to lusts, institutions and empire Here is Creation, forever contending against the deat of chaos with promise of victory. Here is Truth against the deceptive appearances and plausibilities o the temporal area of things seen.

THE REALISM OF THE PROPHETS

This Reality was apprehended and forthtold by th prophets. They read their times with as much realism as any of these moderns, were deceived neither by fals idealism nor by false exercise of power in the effort t avoid the consequences of past sinning. But they per ceived also the conditions of hope, and foreshadowe the redemption which was one day to break upon his tory's dark sky as the bright and morning star. Thi Reality resides in the heart of One who goes about do ing good; it is the inner life of the myths and legend that cover him with tender glory. It is in the Manger and upon the Cross; on the Mount of Transfiguratio and in the Empty Tomb. And the voice of it speak assurance and imparts quiet strength in the hour o trial: "Lo, I am with you always; even unto the end.

This Christianity of ours will come again to see tha to receive it and to proclaim it. There are signs, thoug yet our most conspicuous lack is our sense of unrealit concerning that which Christianity has declared to b the first Reality, and the absence of any clear doctrin of Holy Spirit from our current teachings. The answe to the old question will come again in terms of th precious things unseen by modern eyes. The life of th

A Pastoral Prayer

By Everett W. Palmer

O GOD, Thou who dost know us better than we know ourselves, teach us to pray. Now and again we hesitate on what we sense is the threshold of great spiritual attainment. Yet we are so timid and fearful about laying hold of our heritage. Grant us grace to cross over Jordan and take our Promised Land—possess the resources of strength, of clear thinking, of resolute action and the singing music of the soul which Thou hast ordained should belong to us, Thy children. Teach us, Lord, to pray.

Accept our thanks for the generous, glorious beauty of these summer days; for the trees that arch our streets in patterns of sunshine and shadow, for the gay and rapturous song of birds at early dawn, for the coo inviting quiet of the evening hours.

Forgive the discordant and malignant ugliness whic so often blights our hearts and makes a shambles ami the loveliness of earth and sky. How can we walk i arrogance and careless concern with such guilt upo our souls! Deliver us from the deceptive power of evi Grant us grace to live in happy obedience to Thy law in joyous harmony with Thy purpose. So may peac come to this weary earth, and healing, yea, even Th Kingdom!

We offer these petitions in faith and in the spirit o Christ, our Lord. Amen.

pirit is real, and Christianity is the religion of re-emption! As certainly as the modern temper turned rom superficial idealism to realism, so it will turn rom realism turned into cynicism, toward the Reality f God revealed in Christ Jesus.

Apostles of the religion of redemption are not ascet-s, separating themselves from the world lest they be ontaminated. They are in the world though not of it; ney are of the world though not in it. They are neither gnorant of their scientific age nor indifferent to its eeds and its values. Far from being unmindful of ocial problems, they bring to bear upon them the last-ng solutions. Seeing with the realists that man is not apable of saving himself, they see beyond the realists —that man is capable of being saved, by the power that vorketh in him, and that the love of God will not be atisfied till all creation be redeemed.

It is this that sustains us in our hour of world trial. Terrible as are the marching tyrannies, our sure hope s bright. The world will not forever stand divided gainst itself, half-chaos and half-creation. The Life vhich is the light of men is the earnest of its destiny.

Meantime, "we are troubled on every side, yet not istressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; per-secuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed. . . . For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS today, more than anything else, is men who are under the right kind of authority. The greatest need of America today is public leaders of high moral character who are under the authority of Right. . . .

Together with the authority of Right goes the authority of Love. The curse of the world today is the great number of people, both educated and uneducated, who think of themselves as creditors to mankind rather than debtors.

The crowning authority is the authority of Faith. The voice of faith—faith in God, faith in the majesty of the human soul, faith in the ultimate downfall of tyrants and in the moral government of the world, and faith in the future of mankind—is the only voice that can give hope today.—*C. E. Macartney.*

A Litany of Penitence

O THOU who art of purer eyes than to look upon iniquity, who hast set before us the ideal of perfection and hast put Thy law in our inward parts; O Thou who dost suffer whenever we sin—

We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.

For the sins of our nation, its militarism and reliance upon the ways of force; for our national greed, our arrogant pride, our lust for power; for always considering first our own "national interests" and being heedless of the welfare of others—

Forgive us, O God, and have mercy upon us.

For the hatred we have fostered, for the lies we have perpetrated, for unjust treaties to which we have been party, for enforcing our will upon other peoples, for threatening them with invasion and landing marines upon their shores; for having acquired territory by conquest and force of arms—

Forgive us, O God, and have mercy upon us.

For the suffering we brought upon Germany and Austria in the last war; for the mothers whom we widowed, for the children whom we orphaned, for the heartache and nameless pain we caused—

Forgive us, O God, and have mercy upon us.

For our sins against Japan: for forcing our way into its life with gunboats; for setting the example of greatness as military might; for our insult to this people of ancient culture in passing the Oriental Exclusion Act; for threatening them year after year with naval maneuvers brought close to their shores; for our holier-than-thou condemnation of their recent policies—while at the same time we have for selfish profit supplied them with the means of destruction—

Forgive us, O God, and have mercy upon us.

For tariff barriers and hurtful economic policies; for refusal to cooperate in world economic conferences; and for failure to build an economic order based on brotherhood and cooperation—

Forgive us O God, and have mercy upon us.

For our exploitation of subject peoples: for our past mistreatment of the American Indian; for our sins against the Negroes in our midst; for the awful condition of the natives of Puerto Rico now under our control; for the sins of anti-Semitism among us, and our mistreatment of foreigners and aliens—

Forgive us O God, and have mercy upon us.

For building cannon while men lack bread; for living in a world of plenty yet allowing our brothers to starve; for callous treatment of migrants, sharecroppers and the unemployed; for despising the poorest and lowliest and lost—

Forgive us O God, and have mercy upon us.

For our blindness in thinking that we might do evil and expect that good would come; for our misuse of power; for harnessing science and inventive genius to the work of destruction; for wasting natural resources; for the sin of directing our most purposive endeavor and the strength of our finest young men to the preparation for ungodly warfare—

Forgive us, O God, and have mercy upon us.

This Litany was prepared by the San Francisco Chapter of the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

Some Ministers Read

By Margueritte Harmon Bro

SOME ministers read. But not, by any means, all ministers. Of course it is not necessary to be literate to be a minister, even a good minister. But there seems to be a high degree of correlation between the habit of reading and the habit of success—if by success in the profession we mean large usefulness. Obviously, such an imponderable as a minister's usefulness is difficult to measure but it is also difficult to hide. If his service to his community is genuine, if his world-mindedness stimulates his neighbors to think, if he is a man of spiritual sensitivity and resolute morality somehow he cannot remain hidden under a bushel, not even a suburban bushel and certainly not a rural bushel.

To prove the point that great ministers are reading ministers, one has only to make a list of one hundred leading men from his own denomination; a list of the hundred men with any one of whom you, for your mind's and heart's sake, would like to be stranded in a snowbound pullman for a day of talk; the men who deal with ideas irrespective of the personal pronoun; the men whose church budgets are not worn on their backs like a ton of bricks, who frequently stay on at hard jobs after they have been called to larger salaries, who have a glow about them. Often these are the ministers whom the people, too, call great because in the main the common people even in churches recognize intrinsic value. Find one among them who does not read beyond the average, and if you find him, mark him for an exception or watch his career over a period of years.

● *What Books to Read*

If reading makes so much difference in the caliber of ministers, it would seem as if there ought to be marked unanimity in their choice of books. But there is not. To be sure, some "books of the year" will be read by most of them. But the lines of their main interest, the nuclei of their libraries, are as various as their food preferences. After much observation in ministers' homes, one is inclined to conclude that the important thing is not *what* a minister reads but *that* he reads. Given a good education and a love of humanity to start with, his reading is bound to lead him, by whatever route, into greener pastures of understanding. For instance, he may be a connoisseur of travel books and a collector of maps; by the time he has read a great many travel books he will have also developed the historian's perspective and the philosopher's discretion; his interests are bound to spread and overlap; he is alert in many fields.

Among the many ministers who are primarily interested in foreign relations, one comes to mind who lives in a small midwest town. Twice his church study has had to be enlarged to make room for his library which is the Mecca for the ministers of two counties. A visitor is interested to note that the well classified volumes on foreign affairs shade off into poetry, into biography, into drama, even into cookery; they are the by-

Margueritte H. Bro

product of his main interest. And incidentally his congregation recently raised his salary out of sheer pride in having a minister who has come to be recognized across several counties as a genuine authority.

A high percentage of reading ministers are primarily interested in psychology and philosophy; a good many are year-round readers of history. Oddly enough, not a few have a fondness for mythology, perhaps because they are tuned to feel the age-old struggles of common people. Now and then a minister's chief reading interest is theology. Almost all ministers have books about theology on their shelves.

● *Toward Becoming a Reading Minister*

Three things seem important for the minister who wants to become a reading minister. First, it is impor tant to read along the line of hi natural interest, whatever that ma be, because those are the books h will read with the most verve an delight; they help to set up the read ing habit. And besides, to be a bit o an authority in some particular lin does something for the ego, whethe that line be the Pauline epistles o the history of steam engines.

It is important, also, occasionall to read a book with which the min ister does not agree: a book by a authority who has come to a "wrong conclusion; a newspaper edited unde the aegis of the opposite politica party; a magazine which half th reading public devours but which th minister himself considers lowbrow i not vulgar. Few things are flatte than admonitions about cheap maga zines or subversive newspapers by minister who has never dipped int such journals—unless it be ecomiur for the great poets and philosopher by one who has himself only rea about them.

● *Value of Readin Difficult Book*

But perhaps it is most importan for a minister to read something h cannot understand—and then to un derstand it; to make sure, on th judgment of someone he trusts, tha the book is worth his effort and the to sail into it. To take time to us a dictionary, to look up all the refer ences, to say it all in simpler words to think up illustrations, and finall to get on the outside of the book That is *growth;* that is a thoroughl adult pleasure; it makes a man fee young and think big and stand befor his people with his head high. All thi is true even though he may not find way to work that book into hi sermon. He will have a sense o deepened channels and free-flowin currents which are bound to mak themselves felt among his people.

Probably the greatest handicap fo the reading minister is the book re view, especially the good review whic gives the gist of the book's argumen and the flavor of the author's style Then the temptation is to let th review take the place of the book More ministers know John Dewey b the reviews of his books than by hi books, because review editors mak the mistake of sending Mr. Dewey' books to such capable reviewers This is not an argument for poo reviews—not in these busy days whe

a minister's time and pocketbook are both dated up six months ahead. It is merely an argument for an occasional full meal of good food which needs chewing by one's own teeth.

● *The Problem of Finding Time*

Read when? This is indeed a poser. Next to the mothers of small children and college presidents, ministers are the busiest people on earth. Look at the size of some rural parishes; gaze on the geographical distribution of the membership of many city churches; add up the funerals, the weddings, the committee meetings, the civic enterprises, the good-will luncheons, the speeches—speeches—speeches for which the minister is responsible. Dwell on the fact that he is only human and has to eat, sometimes to sleep, and occasionally to spend an hour with his family. When *can* he read? In good sound mathematics, the answer is—never. There is not even time to scan the headlines of the morning paper.

And yet—and yet—the ministers who carry the largest responsibilities also read the most. The man who says "too busy," "next summer," "when we get the debt paid off," is only fooling himself. And the man who says "—if I had a secretary" has got the exhaust before the windshield; the think works the other way around.

● *Utilizing the Odd Moments*

Some ministers have a plan if not a routine for reading. Some keep the hour after lunch or the hour before dinner for their books; some have two evenings a week when they accept no outside engagements because they will read; some read in their studies in the morning; some go through an enormous amount of reading matter on their vacations; some go to the country for two or three days a month to get some uninterrupted reading. A commentator might be inclined to say that regularity in reading matters a great deal except that some of the most discerning and omniverous readers have no regular time at all. They just carry pages of books and magazines in their pockets and utilize the odd moments which, after all, make up a large portion of our waking hours.

A busy young minister was once commissioned by a magazine to interview Jane Addams on the subject of peace. Instead of the quarter-hour asked for, Miss Addams kept him for an hour and a half. As she talked, she walked around her room picking up a book here and there, reading a paragraph, making comments on various subjects. When the young minister left her he realized that during the past month Miss Addams had read a book of Chinese poetry, some Russian plays, two biographies, a sizable tome on neutrality, a novel and a history of Japan. The minister was depressed. Miss Addams turned out a day's work which would put most high-powered ministers to shame, and yet she found time to read widely and continually. For two years that young minister was dejected every time he thought of Jane Addams who had only the same twenty-four hours a day which he had. And then all of a sudden he stumbled onto her secret. Miss Addams turned out her work, amazing for its quality as well as for its sheer bulk, not in spite of her reading but *because she read.* All the time she was fed by fresh springs. Life flowed freely through that woman's mind.

● *How to Get the Books*

And so with the great ministers. Their minds *have* to be fed. Literally they make time by keeping themselves alert, refilled. Nothing kills off the minister faster than the feeling that he is an empty well, an unlit torch or some other of those trite and terrifying substitutes for the man of God he was meant to be. Contrariwise, nothing multiplies his strength, augments his ambition and quickens his love for his fellows like grasping a great idea. And for most of us, the great ideas come directly or indirectly from the printed page.

After a minister becomes significantly useful it is not difficult for him to get books, because the reviewers send them to him. But by that time he is likely to have enough salary to buy his own. It is while he is on the way up that buying books is such a problem. A poor man's ability to buy books depends considerably upon his wife's feeling about the necessity of owning books, but it depends partly too upon his own stern discipline. A few books really cry out to be owned.

There are other practical devices for obtaining books. If the local library has no fund for the specialized books which the minister needs, then the members of the local or county ministerial association can form their own lending library, each member contributing one of the books agreed upon by the group. If all the books are bought through one publisher or bookstore, a substantial discount is frequently available. Also some denominations have special book funds or arrange to buy the minister's books at discount prices. An energetic book-swapper may stimulate his laymen to more and better reading. There are extension loan libraries in most state universities, as well as expert service in accumulating topical material.

Practically, the big hurdle is not the inaccessibility of books but the inertia of the minister. And that fact is no discredit to the minister as long as he recognizes it for one of Satan's deadliest tricks and deals with it accordingly.

When one sees what one reading minister can do for the hungry-minded young people and the problem-facing adults of one community, then nothing seems too much trouble in the way of sacrificing other necessities in order to buy books and purloining a bit of sleep in order to read them.

What was the most effective sermon you heard during the past year?

Who preached it, and where? What was the title, what the text?

Please fill out coupon below. (Results of this questionnaire will be published in the Christian Century Pulpit.)

Preached by_____

of what local church?_____

At_____

Title_____

Text_____

My name_____

Address_____

• WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE •

BORN in Liverpool, England, Rev. J. W. G. WARD received his education in that country and held two pastorates there, the latter being in London. Coming to Canada, he was minister of Emmanuel Church, Montreal, 1924-28. His next pastorate was at First Congregational, Detroit, Mich., and in 1932 he became leader of First Presbyterian Church, Oak Park, Ill., where he still serves. Dr. Ward has given much time to the subject of drama and is widely known for his dramatic readings. Among his many books are *The Master and The Twelve, His Last Week, Portraits of the Prophets* and *Special Day Sermons.*

Graduating from Union Seminary in 1912, Rev. WILLIS L. GOLDSMITH served as Congregational college pastor at Manhattan, Kan., then spent three years as associate to Dr. Charles M. Sheldon in Topeka. Following seven years as minister of First Church, Marietta, Ohio, he became pastor of the Hyde Park Congregational Church, Chicago; he was the last to serve that church before its merger with Hyde Park Presbyterian in 1930. In that year Mr. Goldsmith accepted a call to Mission Hills Congregational, San Diego, which post he has only recently resigned.

In November of last year Rev. A. PAUL WRIGHT went from the Second Reformed Church of Tarrytown, N. Y., to the pastorate of First Presbyterian, Auburn, N. Y. He was educated at Syracuse University and Union Seminary and holds an M.A. degree in religious education from Teachers College, Columbia University.

Rabbi ABBA HILLEL SILVER *has led the* activities of the Temple, in Cleveland, since 1917. During these years he has served on a score of boards a commissions in the fields of education, social welfa race betterment and international justice. He has preach at many universities and last year was Dudleian lectur at Harvard. His education was received at the Unive sity of Cincinnati and Hebrew Union College. His se mon appearing in this issue was preached at the Chica Sunday Evening Club.

In earlier years Rev. ROY A. BUR HART was national director of young people's work the United Brethren Church, and later was on the st of the International Council of Religious Educatio For several years he has been minister of First Co munity Church, Columbus, Ohio. He was awarded M. and Ph.D. degrees by the University of Chicago.

Rev. WILLIAM B. SPOFFORD, *Episc* palian rector, has since 1922 been executive director the Church League for Industrial Democracy.

Rev. GEORGE M. GIBSON *began* ministry in the Southern Methodist Church, serving co gregations in Dallas, Texas. Then he ministered Trinity Congregational, Cleveland, for three years, a at First Congregational, Webster Groves, Mo., for ni years. He is now in his third year at the United Chur of Hyde Park, Chicago, and is special lecturer in homile ics at Presbyterian Seminary.

Rev. EVERETT W. PALMER *is minist* of Trinity Methodist Church, Highland Park, N.

MARGUERITTE HARMON BRO, *lectur* and writer, is author of *When Children Ask* and oth books. She lives in Mt. Carroll, Ill., where her husba is president of Francis Shimer Junior College.

TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

HOBART D. MCKEEHAN, Abbey Church, Huntingdon, Pa. "First Line of Defense." Gen. 12:8—"And he pitched his tent . . . and there he builded an altar unto the Lord."

JOSEPH W. REEVES, N. Congregational, Winchendon, Mass. "Living in Two Worlds." Rev. 1:9, 10—"I was in the isle that is called Patmos. . . . I was in the Spirit."

CHARLES D. BRODHEAD, Erie Ave. Methodist, Philadelphia. "God's Selective Service Act." John 15:16—"Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain."

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

. . . . . .

Title of sermon

. . . . . .

Text used (write out the text)

. . . . . .

Name of minister

. . . . . .

Name of church

. . . . . .

Address

EUGENE M. AUSTIN, Tioga Baptist, Philadelphia. "Pr tect Your Securities!" I Tim. 6:20—"O Timoth keep the securities of the faith intact." (Moffatt)

JAMES D. MOBERG, Presbyterian, Mt. Vernon, O "What Does Your Faith Expect?" Mk. 9:29—"Y shall have what your faith expects." (Goodspeed)

ROBERT LINCOLN KELLEY, Oakland, Calif. "The Pione of Life." Acts 3:15—"You killed the Pioneer Life." (Moffatt)

FREDERICK G. TYRRELL, First Presbyterian, Center Jun tion, Ia. "The Faith of Our Fathers—Today." Kings 8:57a—"The Lord our God be with us, as was with our fathers."

MAX STRANG, Central Congregational, Dallas, Tex. "V Give Thee But Thine Own." Matt. 25:20—" . . . Lo thou deliveredst unto me. . . . I have gained . .

C. B. WIBLE, Mt. Washington Presbyterian, Pittsburg "Reputable Rights." Rom. 14:16—"Your rights mu not get a bad name." (Moffatt)

ALBERT E. DAY, First Methodist, Pasadena, Calif. "G Marches On." Luke 1:51—"He hath shewed streng with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in t imagination of their hearts."

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

The Event of the Month

THE FACE of the war has been transformed by the rupture of the Stalin-Hitler pact and the invasion of Russia by Germany. Of the cause of his rupture the world knows little, indeed virtually nothing. Censorship has been complete and what little information has been given out is naturally so designed for propaganda purposes as to be factually worthless. Two theories are possible. One, that Hitler, economically desperate, made unacceptable demands upon Russia for access to the Ukraine and for the passage of nazi forces to the Near East. Failing these demands, he decided to attack his erstwhile ally. The other theory is that Stalin, whose policy has been to wait until the war reached a stalemate, decided that Germany's failure to invade Britain was the sign that his time to strike had now come. The American and British official mind naturally takes the former view and has fully established it in popular opinion. Whether this view will have to be revised, no one can know until the war is over. Whatever the undisclosed causes may prove to be, the fact that Britain and America now find an ally in communist Russia is both an encouragement and an embarrassment. In the military framework, it is an encouragement. In the framework of ideology, it is an embarassment. We shall probably hear less about saving democracy, and the clamor for a statement of war aims will probably subside, while the allies concentrate upon the military objective of defeating Hitler. Meantime, on the two-thousand-mile front the greatest battle in history is being waged.

Russia Turns on Germany

The Book of the Month

THE ETHICAL IDEALS OF JESUS IN A CHANGING WORLD. *By G. Bromley Oxnam. Abingdon-Cokesbury. $1.00.*

THIS little book, written by Bishop Oxnam of the Methodist Church, arrested my attention by its very title. Can it be, I thought, that anyone is still talking about the *ideals of Jesus?* Have we not got "beyond that"? Have not our wartime theologians effectively diverted our attention away from a Jesus who had "ideals" to a transcendent Christ whose relevancy for our human situation consists solely in the fact that he symbolizes an empty perfection under which our ideals and our best efforts are judged as unworthy? This book, I reflected, must have been written ages ago—at least two years ago!—before the war set our theological ingenuity at work to provide an escape from the claims of Jesus and thereby set us free to devise a moral "strategy" of our own. But no. This book is fresh from the press. Its chapters consist of five lectures recently delivered at the Florida Southern University. They proceed on the lines laid down by Gladden, Rauschenbusch and Ward, to whom the author pays tribute, modestly confessing that "the phrasing of the ethical principles of this book is adapted from their class outlines." Bishop Oxnam holds that the principles of Jesus cannot be shelved by an eschatological interpretation which reduces them to an "interim ethics." He holds, on the contrary, that Jesus and his "ideals" are relevant to the concrete human world in which we live. Nor are Jesus and his "ideals" merely an impossible norm by which our human efforts are to be judged; rather, they are a living and creative force in the concrete situations with which a changing world evermore confronts our Christian faith. Books like this, I predict, will long survive those which substitute a theological Christ for the living Christ of the gospel.

A Thought for the Month

THE GOSPEL is a message of comfort. Its key word is "Blessed"—Blessed are they that mourn. It speaks to the distressed, the bereaved, the perplexed, a word of hope and calmness and strength. The minister is the messenger of this blessedness. In his pastoral relation with those who sorrow and those who are overborne with misfortune and anxiety, his is the high duty to bring the comforting word. This too must ever be the burden of his pulpit ministry. He will often be tempted to neglect it, particularly in a time of national or general crisis. He will feel the urgency of the moral issues involved in the crisis and will rightly feel the constraint of conscience to discuss them. Here his problem is to balance comfort and trust in God on the one side with decision and Christian action on the other. For the Christian preacher is not only called to comfort his people, but to disturb them—to disturb them with a "divine discontent." He must always be on guard lest his preaching make people merely comfortable. Otherwise he only confirms the Marxian jibe that religion is the opiate of the people. Christian faith is both "quietistic" and "activistic." It can be said to rest upon two great texts: *"Stand still* and see the salvation of God!" and "Speak unto the children of Israel that they *go forward!"* The Christian minister is therefore both a comforter and a leader. He cannot tolerate a static ministry, a ministry which soothes the church into inaction in the presence of great issues upon which it is called to bear a Christian witness. To preach comfort without encouraging complacency, and to preach Christian duty without losing contact with the depths of divine grace from which that duty springs—this is the supreme achievement. To hold these two functions together in a single ministry qualifies even the humblest minister for a place in the noble company of the authentic prophets of God's word.

Comforted, But Not Comfortable

Charles Clayton Morrison

'Life Situation Preaching'

The Christian Century Pulpit is planning a number of special issues, among which is one to include sermons dealing particularly with "life situations." Dr. Harold W. Ruopp, who recently contributed to the Pulpit two articles on this subject, has been asked by the editors to name six ministers to contribute sermons to this special number. Although Dr. Ruopp is aware that there are numerous pastors who preach effectively in this field, he has offered the following list of ministers as possible contributors, and all have accepted the invitation:

JAMES GORDON GILKEY
South Congregational Church, Springfield, Mass.

HAROLD C. PHILLIPS
First Baptist Church, Cleveland

HENRY HITT CRANE
Central Methodist Church, Detroit

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK
Riverside Church, New York

ROLAND G. HOHN
Methodist Church, Willmar, Minn.

MARK B. STRICKLAND
First Congregational Church, Stoneham, Mass.

These six sermons will appear in the SEPTEMBER number.

Another autumn issue will be given to sermons by the six ministers who have been voted by Pulpit readers the MOST EFFECTIVE PREACHERS in America today.

Another Feature Series Planned for the Coming Season.

During the fall and winter a series of "Preacher Problem" articles on various phases of preaching and sermon-making by professors of preaching in seminaries and other leaders in this field will be published in the Pulpit.

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